
Phillips Gylben

Mr. D R Y D E N's

O D E

In Honour of

St. CECILIA's Day.

1697.

Leonard Weller, Eld.	Hugh Colville, Eld.
Paris Slaughter, Eld.	Capt. Thomas Newman.
Jeremiah Clark, Com.	Orlando Bridgman, Eld.
James Le Riche, Com.	Theophilus Butler, Eld.

Perform'd at *Stationers-Hall*, on *MONDAY*,

November 22. 1697.

The Stewards for that Year being

Hugh Colvill, Esq;.

Capt. Thomas Newnam.

Orlando Bridgman, Esq;.

Theophilus Buttler, Esq;.

Leonard Wessell, Esq;.

Paris Slaughter, Esq;.

Jeremiah Clerk, Gent.

Francis Le Riche, Gent.

Alexander's Feast;
OR THE
POWER
OF
MUSIQUE.
AN
ODE,

IN HONOUR OF
St. CECILIA's Day.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head near the
Inner-Temple-Gate, in Fleetstreet. 1697.

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Alexander's

BOOK

MUSIC

O. D. F.

SECHILIA DAY

W. M. D. D. M.

W. D. D. M.

Printed for J. W. Rogers at the Judge's Office near the
James Temple Gate in Westgate. 1897

Alexander's Feast;
OR THE
POWER of MUSIQUE.

A N
O D E,

In Honour of
St. C E C I L I A's Day.

I.

'T Was at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* Warlike Son :

Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe fate

On his Imperial Throne :

His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.

(So shou'd Desert in Arms be Crown'd :)

The Lovely *Thais* by his side,

Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride

In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !

None but the Brave

None but the Brave

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !

None but the Brave

None but the Brave

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful Quire,

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :

The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,

And Heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from Jove ;

Who left his blissful Seats above,

(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :

Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,

*When He to fair *Olympia* press'd :*

And while He sought her snowy Breast :

Then, round her slender Waste he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World.

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,

A present Deity, they shout around :

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears

The Monarch hears,

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

C H O R U S.

*With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to Nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young :
The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets ; beat the Drums ;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,
Now give the Hautboys breath ; He comes, He comes.
Bacchus ever Fair and Young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain :
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure ;
Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

C H O R U S.

*Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

IV. O H

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
 Fought all his Battails o'er again ; (slain.
 And thrice He routed all his Foes ; and thrice He slew the
 The Master saw the Madness rise ;
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
 And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his Pride.
 He chose a Mournful Muse
 Soft Pity to infuse :
 He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate
 And weltring in his Blood :
 Deserted at his utmost Need,
 By those his former Bounty fed :
 On the bare Earth expos'd He lyes,
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolveing in his alter'd Soul
 The various Turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
 And Tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

Revolveing in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree:

'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian Measures*,
Soon He sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause;
So Love was Crown'd, but Musique won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again :

A lower yet, and yet a lower Strain.

Break his Bands of Sleep afunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound

Has rais'd up his Head,

As awak'd from the Dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,

See the Furies arise !

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

Behold a ghastly Band,

Each a Torch in his Hand !

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battail were slayn,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due

To the Valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,

How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,

And glittering Temples of their Hostile Gods !

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;
 And the King scyz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the King scyz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago
 'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre,
 Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.
 At last Divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the Vöcal Frame ;
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
 Or both divide the Crown ;
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;
 She drew an Angel down.

The Princess applaud, with a furious Joy;
And the King, with a Zeal to destroy;

Grand CHORUS.
And led the Way,
At last, Divine Cecilia came,

And, like a Vocal Frame, her like,
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wis, and Arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

III

Thus, long ago,
The living Powers were to blow,
While O, the sweet music,
Twelve, to his breathing Pipe,
And sounding Pipe,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.
At last, Divine Cecilia came,
Invincible, the World's Saviour,
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wis, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.